



## keeping some secrets by Val-Creative

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**Summary:** El accidentally walks in on Will with another boy.

## keeping some secrets

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Growing up, El still questions why she has to do certain things. Spread a napkin in her lap while eating. Keep her ankles crossed while sitting in a dress. Excuse herself after burping. Hug a family member when El doesn't want to be touched.

Joyce told her these were new old rules. New to her, but old to Joyce and to everyone else.

*Knock first.*

El hesitates, her fist landing mutely against the wood.

It doesn't sound right. Will's breathing. The erratic creaking of the furniture. What if he's in trouble? Or can't breathe?

Spurred on by her dread, El jams open the door with her telekinesis, breaking apart the lock, throwing herself in. She narrows her eyes, staring in wordless bemusement as Will pulls his open, panting mouth from another teenager. Dark hair and dark eyes like Mike. Will's lying out on his back, red-cheeked and disorientated, with the teenager's hand all the way down Will's shorts.

There's a bunch of silence and mortified looks, and El remains in Will's bedroom with Will as the other teenage boy sneaks out. "Please don't tell anyone you saw that," Will tells her, gesturing nervously as he sits beside her. "Okay, El?"

"Okay—" El immediately follows up her agreement with a "—*why?*"

"What do you mean why?" It takes a long, heavy moment before Will realizes. "Ohh, yeah... the Lab wouldn't have told you, and probably not Hopper either..." he mutters, shaking his head in disbelief, leaning back. El glances over Will's moody, saddened expression. "Boys are supposed to be with girls. Girls are supposed to be with boys. That's what everyone says."

"You weren't kissing a girl, Will."

"I don't wanna kiss girls." Will meets her eyes, tilting his head. "Do... do *you* wanna kiss girls?" he asks curiously.

*Girls.*

El thinks about Max. Her fiery-red hair and how it brushed lightly to the surface of El's cheek. The cinnamon apple smell of Max's shampoo. How good she feels wrapped in El's arms while they biked around. How hot and soft.

She nods. *Girls are nice.*

Will straightens up, his eyes huge and round.

"Who?"

"Max, I guess," El admits softly. "I don't understand what's wrong with kissing other girls."

There's frustration coming off Will but she doesn't think it's for her. "People say that's not what you are supposed to do," he explains. "If you're a girl, you're supposed to fall in love with a boy one day, and I'm supposed to do that with a girl."

"They're not kissing girls. I am." El's gaze turns stormy. "I don't care what they say."

Will's lips twitch up. "I wish I could be like you, El."

El beams, flopping down on Will's puffy, navy-colored duvet, tugging on his arm and laughing and kicking her feet up high. The best sound to hear is Will's own laughter as he flops beside El, losing the worry-lines on his face. Her brother. Her friend.

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*Stranger Things isn't mine. Requested by KnittingBatman (AO3): "brand*

*new siblings Will and El bonding over the fact that they are both baby queers! (Because El and Max this season? Totally dating imo!)."* I CANNOT GET ENOUGH OF THESE TWO. Hope you guys enjoy it! And any thoughts/comments are appreciated!